

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

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THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
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No.

2

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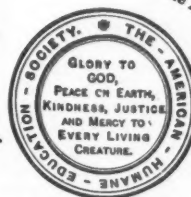
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# Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners  
and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
—Cowper.



Vol. 47

Boston, July, 1914

No. 2

## My Chipmunk Callers

By ENOS A. MILLS

Photographs by Herbert W. Gleason and the Author



**A**BOUT a score of chipmunks have their home in my yard. They are delightfully tame and will climb upon my head or shoulder, eat nuts from my hand or go into my pockets after them. At times three or four make it lively for me. One day I stooped to give one some peanuts. While he was standing erect and taking them from my fingers a strange dog appeared. The various chipmunks in the yard gave a chattering, scolding alarm cry and retreated to their holes. The one I was feeding dashed up into my coat pocket. Standing up with fore paws on the edge of the pocket, and with head thrust out, he gave the dog a tempestuous scolding. This same chipmunk often played upon the back of Scotch, my collie. Occasionally he stood erect on Scotch to sputter out an alarm cry and to look around when something aroused his suspicions.

Chipmunks are easily tamed and on short acquaintance will come to eat from one's hand. Often they come into my cabin for food or paper. Occasionally one will sit erect upon my knee or shoulder, sometimes looking off intently into the yard; at other times apparently seeing nothing, but wrapped in meditation. More often, however, they are storing peanuts in their pouches or deliberately eating a kernel. Rarely is one agreeable to the presence of another and when four or five happen to call at the same time, they sometimes forget their etiquette and I am the center of a chipmunk scrimmage.

Once five callers came, each stringing in behind another. Just as the fifth came in the door there was a dispute among the others and one started to retreat. Evidently he did not want to leave for he retreated away from the open door. As number two started in pursuit of him, number three gave chase to number two.

Enos A. Mills, who has lived for twenty years in a cabin on Long's Peak, in Estes Park, Colorado, has explored the Rocky Mountains, having climbed Long's Peak over 250 times, and served both as guide and U. S. Government expert. His writings and lectures on bird, wild flower and scenery protection and development of national parks, have given him a wide reputation. Among his latest volumes are "Wild Life on the Rockies," "The Spell of the Rockies" and "In Beaver World."

After them started number four, and the fifth one after all the others. The first one being closely pressed and not wanting to leave the room ran around the center table and in an instant all five were racing single file around the table. After the first round each became intense and went his best. The circle they were following was not large and the floor was smooth. Presently the rear legs of one skidded and made of him a comical show! Then the fore feet of another skidded and now and then one lost his footing and rolled entirely over. Each arose looking surprised and foolish, but with a leap he entered the circle and was again at full speed.

I enjoy having them around and spend many a happy hour watching them or playing with them. They often make a picnic ground of my porch and now and then one lies down to rest upon one of the log seats, where, outstretched with head up, and one fore paw extended leisurely upon the log, he appears like a young lion.

Often they climb up and scamper over the roof of my cabin; but most of their time on the roof is spent in dressing their fur or enjoying long warm sun baths. Frequently they mount the roof early in the morning, even before sunrise. I am sometimes awakened at early dawn by a chipmunk mob that is having a lively time upon the roof.

In many things they are persistent. Once I closed the hole that one had made in a place where I did not want it. I filled the hole full of earth. Inside of two hours it was reopened. Then I pounded it full of gravel, but this was dug out. I drove a stake into the hole. A new hole was promptly made alongside the stake. I poured this full of water. Presently out came a wet and angry chipmunk. This daily drowning out by water was continued for more than a week before the chipmunk gave it up and opened a hole about thirty feet distant.

Although for eight years I kept track of a chipmunk by my cabin, I did not give her a name. She lived in a long crooked underground tunnel or hole which must have had a total length of nearly one hundred feet. It extended in a semi-circle and could be entered at three or four places through holes that opened upon the surface. Each of these entrance holes was partly concealed in a clump of grass by a cluster of plants or a shrub.

I have many times examined the underground works of the chipmunk. A few of these examinations were made by digging and others I traced as they were exposed in the making of large irrigation tunnels. The earth which is dug from these tunnels is ejected from one or more holes which are closed when the tunnel is completed. Around the entrance holes there is nothing to indicate or to publish their presence; and often they are well concealed.

These underground tunnels are from forty to one hundred feet long, run from two to four feet beneath the surface, and have two or more entrances. Here and there is a niche or pocket in the side of the tunnel. These niches are from a few inches to a foot in diameter and in height. In one or more of these the chipmunk sleeps, and in others is stored his winter food supply. He uses one of these pockets for a time as a sleeping place, then changes to another. This change may enable the chipmunk to hold parasites in check. The fact that he has a number of sleeping places and also that in summer he frequently changes his bedding, indicates that these efforts in sanitation are essential for avoiding parasites and disease.

Commonly the bedding is grass, straw, and leaves; but in my yard the chipmunks eagerly seize upon a piece of paper or a handkerchief. I am compelled to keep my eyes open whenever they come into the cabin, for they do not hesitate to seize upon unanswered letters or incomplete manuscripts. In carrying off paper the chipmunk commonly tears off a huge piece, crumples it into a wad, and then with it sticking from his mouth hurries away to his bedchamber. It is not uncommon to see half a dozen at once in the yard, each going his own way with his clean bed linen.

Chipmunks take frequent dust and sun baths, but I have never seen one bathe in water. They appear, however, to drink water freely. One will sip water several times daily.

In the mountains near me the chipmunks spend from four to seven months of each year under ground. I am at an altitude of nine thousand feet. Although during the winter they indulge in long periods of what may be called hibernating sleep, they are awake a part of the time and commonly lay in abundant stores for winter. In the underground granaries of



one I once found about three gallons of weed seeds. Even during the summer the chipmunk occasionally does not come forth for a day or two. A number of these times I have found that they were in a heavy sleep in their beds.

These in my yard are fed so freely upon peanuts that they have come to depend upon them for winter supplies. They prefer raw to roasted peanuts. The chipmunk near my cabin sometimes becomes a little particular and will occasionally reject peanuts that are handed to her with the shell on. Commonly, however, she grabs the nut with both fore paws, then standing erect, rapidly bites away the shell until the nut is reached. This she usually forces into her cheek pocket with both hands. Her cheek pouches hold from twelve to twenty of these. As soon as these are filled she hurries away to deposit her stores in her underground granary. One day she managed to store twenty-two and her cheek pouches stood out abnormally! With this "swelled" and uncouth head she hurried away to deposit the nuts in her storehouse, but on reaching the hole her cheeks were so distended that she was unable to enter. After trying again and again she commenced to enlarge this hole. This she presently gave up.



GETTING INTERESTED

Then she rejected about one-third of the nuts, entered and stored the remainder. In a few minutes she was back for more. One day she made eleven round trips in fifty-seven minutes. Early one autumn morning a coyote, in attempting to reach her, dug into her granary and scattered the nuts about. After sending him off I gathered up three quarts of shelled nuts and left about as many more scattered through the earth! Over these the jays and magpies squabbled all day.

The wise coyote has a peculiar habit each autumn of feasting upon chipmunks. Commonly the chipmunks retire for the winter before the earth is frozen, or before it is frozen deeply. Apparently they at once sink into a hibernating sleep. Each autumn shortly after the chipmunks retire, the coyotes raid all localities in my neighborhood in which digging is good. Scores of chipmunks are dug out and devoured. Within a quarter of a mile of my cabin one October night forty-two holes were dug. Another night fifty-four holes were dug near by. In a number of these a few scattered drops of blood showed that the coyote made a capture. In one week within a few miles of my cabin I found several hundred freshly dug holes. Many holes were dug directly down to the granary where the stores were scattered about;



AN INTIMATE CALLER

and others descended upon the pocket in which the chipmunk was asleep. In a few places the digging followed along the underground tunnel for several yards and in others the coyote dug down into the earth and then tunneled along the chipmunk's tunnel for several feet before reaching the little sleeper.

As far as I know, each old chipmunk lives by itself. It is, I think, rare for one to enter the underground works of another. Each appears to have a small local range upon the surface, but this range is occasionally invaded by a neighboring chipmunk. This invasion is always resented and commonly the invader is angrily ejected by the local claimant of the territory.

Around me the young are born during the first week in June. The five years that I kept track of the mother chipmunk near my cabin she usually brought the youngsters out into the sunlight about the middle of June. On three of these years there were five youngsters. One year the number was four and another it was six. About the middle of July the young commence the battle of life alone. They were left in possession of the underground house in which they were born, and the mother went to another part of the yard, renovated another underground home, and here laid up supplies for the winter.

A few days before the mother leaves the youngsters they run about and find most of their food. One year, a day or two before the one by my cabin told her children "Good-bye," she brought them, or at any rate, the children came with her, to the place where we often distributed peanuts. The youngsters, much lighter in color, and less distinctly marked than the mother, as well as much smaller, were amusingly shy, and they made comic shows in trying to eat peanuts. They could not break through the shell. If offered a shelled nut, they were as likely to bite the end of your finger as the nut. They had not learned which was which. With their baby teeth they could eat but little of the nut, but they had the storing instinct and after a struggle managed to thrust one or two of the nuts into their cheek pockets.

The youngsters on being left to shift for themselves linger around their old home for a week or longer, then scatter and each apparently goes off and makes an underground home for himself. This may be entirely new or it may be an old one renovated.

I do not know just when the mother returns to her old home. Possibly the new home is closely connected with the one she has temporarily left, and it may be that during the autumn or the early spring she digs a short tunnel which unites them. The manner of this aside, I can

say that each summer the mother, on retiring from the youngsters, carried supplies into the earth into a hole which she had not used before, and the following spring the youngsters came forth from the same hole and presumably from the same quarters that the children of preceding years have used.

They feed upon a variety of food plants. The leaves, seeds, and roots are eaten. During bloom time they feast upon wild flowers. Often they make a dainty meal off the blossoms of the fringed blue gentian, the mariposa-lily, and the harebell. Commonly in gathering flowers, the chipmunk stands erect on hind feet, reaches up with one or both hands, bends down the stalk, leisurely eats the blossoms, and then pulls down another. However, the Big chipmunk has some gross food habits. I have seen him eating mice and he often catches grasshoppers and flies. It is possible that he may rob birds' nests, but this is not common and I have never seen him do so. However, the bluebirds, robins, and red-winged blackbirds near me resent his close approach. A chipmunk who has unwittingly climbed into a tree or traveled into a territory close to the nest of one of these birds receives a beating from the wings of the birds and many stabs from their bills before he can retreat to a peaceful zone. Many times I have seen birds battering him, sometimes repeatedly knocking him heels over head, while he, frightened and chattering, was doing his best to escape.

There are seven species of chipmunks in Colorado. Two of these are near me. One is the Big chipmunk and the other is the Busy chipmunk. The latter is much smaller, shyer, and more lively than the other and it spends a part of its time in the treetops; while the Big, although it sometimes climbs, commonly keeps close to the earth.

Among their numerous enemies are coyotes, wild cats, lion, bear, hawks, and owls. They appear to live from six to twelve years. The one near my place I watched for eight years. She probably was one or more years of age when I first saw her. I do not know her fate.

Almost every day in summer a number of children come, some of them for miles, to watch and to feed my chipmunks. The children enjoy this with as much intensity as I have ever seen



FEEDING THE CHIPMUNK

them enjoy any living thing. Surely the kindly sympathies which the chipmunks arouse in the children and this delightful and real lesson in natural history will give a helpful educational stimulus and it may be the beginning of a sympathetic interest in every living thing.

## Dumb Friends in Turbulent Mexico

By FELIX J. KOCH



**Y**OU remember the old saw about how, "for the want of a nail, the shoe was lost, and for want of the shoe, the horse was lost," and, not to give the intermediate stages, as result of the slipping out of that single nail, an entire battle's history was changed? Down in turbulent Mexico today many a poor refugee, wandering over the ruins of his home or his shop, may be paraphrasing the little adage, while he reproaches himself with the thought that had he been a bit kinder to that horse or that burro of his, he would today have stood to lose considerably less!

All Mexico over, the people who escaped with their lives from the ruined towns and villages tell the story of the salvage done for them by their equine friends. The stronger, the better condition in which your little animal was, the greater load you could put upon him; and the oftener could you drive him from the doomed settlement to the line, with salvage, then return for more and more again.

How many of our dumb friends were made to succumb, however, in this dreadful period, as result of overwork and Mexican disregard for the feelings of their animals, will never be known. Nor were the beasts of burden the only ones to suffer. Range cattle, for days ahead of the invasion of a given region, were driven, hot-footed, to what was thought safety; and when the guerilla bands were reported near and it was "nip-and-tuck" with the cowboys to save as much as they could, the mad steers were driven till they trampled each other, and the calves went under, beneath the hoofs of the herd.

Dogs and cats fared perhaps best of all the domestic creatures at this time, for they could care for themselves; and many a child took care to take the pet parrot, with its perch, along on the little van with the salvage; but, on the other hand, Mexican men, in their eagerness to save more valuable property or to pillage their neighbor's house, while he and his drove away



COWBOY DRIVING CATTLE OUT OF DOOMED CITY

with some load, forgot to unleash the fighting cock or turn the poultry out of the two-floor coops on the wagons from which they hawked them, and these poor creatures were burnt to a crisp.

What the dumb animals did toward helping their friends of the *genus homo* in the Mexican revolution is perhaps told best by a typical example. In Nuevo Laredo men were content to drive their mule-carts or ride into town on their ranch horses, attending their business, little recking whether one side or other were in power. When the government forces received the news that they had lost Monterey and the towns about, however, they immediately notified, through their commanders, the cities of Ciudad Porfirio Diaz and Nuevo Laredo, that these places would be destroyed.

Rest assured that it was then that carters began looking to their humble steeds as never before! Horses, mules, ponies, burros, donkeys—all manner of beasts of burden, became worth literally their weight in gold. Men outbid one another savagely for the rent or hire of these, that they might save what they could of their wares. What would be left behind must go to plunder and flame, so almost any price paid for the hire of a draft animal was cheap at that! Poor little animals—the frenzied drivers cared little for them after this, as they dashed back and forth with the heavy loads which they were taking to safety! By one of the afternoon the town began to evacuate, full force, most the people making, of course, for Laredo, Texas.

Furniture, keepsakes, the pet canaries and the finches, the parrots and, sometimes, of course, chickens (slaughtered, that they might be more easily transported)—the household gods of every sort went on the wagons. For six hours the international bridge was a mass of moving humanity, of draft animals of every sort, of hogs and mules and cattle and dogs. Thus the exodus continued the next day, until one in the afternoon, when the town was fired.

Reaching the States, some of the refugees went to friends, stabling their animals in the streets before the houses. Others crowded the streets, huddling round the carts on the public plazas, begging a bit of hay from the marketers for their steeds, while the children begged food for their smaller pets from the townsfolk. Meanwhile the blazing semi-tropic sun poured down on the sufferers, both man and beast. On April 23 the final overflow made its departure assured now that the American government would allow all to enter.

Meanwhile, back at Nuevo Laredo, the prisons were opened, criminals and other prisoners released, and meanwhile the pillaging of the deserted homes went on. Half-bandit Mexican cavalry, on horses taken from the ranges without so much as a by-your-leave to the owners, sacked the town, carrying their loot to the depot, where provision was made for it. Five trains down here were loaded with merchandise deliber-



THE POULTERER'S CART

ately taken during the night from stores and shops, by aid of the swift horses. These trains then left for Lampazos.

Then, catastrophe overtook whatever the animals hadn't helped their owners to save. Houses were sacked, barns ransacked—nothing was safe from loot. Just before the trains had left, the General, Quintana, arriving at the depot, tried to excite the patriotism of the men to stay behind and fight. Horses would be secured for them, willy-nilly, from some ranch, somewhere! Failing to win over volunteers and fearing the service of conscripts in such place, he remained until he saw the torch set to all. Dynamite was used most plentifully and 100 cans of kerosene were distributed along the sidewalks where, just a few days before, the cock-fighters had had their cruel battles royal and the birds had sung and the lazy cattle loitered. Twenty squadrons, eighteen men attending a can, to make it do its best, were deployed. These men had been assigned specific places, that all the town might be fired at once.

So soon as the General was personally assured of the thoroughness of the conflagration, he returned to the depot in his automobile, had the waiting locomotive give the signal blast to light the last cans, and fled. The town then remained at the mercy of the soldiers, drunk with what liquor they could lay hands on. They lashed their poor steeds mercilessly, as they darted here and there, taking by pistol-law what they desired. Finally, Nuevo Laredo, from a busy and prosperous city, the entrepot for a great cattle country, was reduced to a ruin through whose silent streets and vacant roofless houses went only the semi-occasional looter rides his steed, picking up what he can find to his use.

#### THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

There is a pathos about this picture that we imagine all our readers will feel. It is reproduced from an actual photograph sent us by a friend who writes, "My son took this photograph. This blind man travels all through these hills and mountains guided by his faithful dog who leads him across streams, even picking out the best places to make the ford, and who seems to feel his responsibility as a mother would of her child. The dog never notices other dogs, never takes any time off for play, but devotes himself with unwearied patience to his helpless master. When a journey is to be begun Mr. Roris simply tells him where he wants to go and the dog, a

collie, leads the way." It takes no effort of the imagination to see the look of patient fidelity in this collie's face and the sense of responsibility which seems to have saddened the very countenance of this faithful guide and friend. F.H.R.



#### "THE TWO INSEPARABLES"

By GEO. W. BLESSING



This is a picture of "Don Riley" and his master, Dr. J. M. Cromer, of Auburn, Nebraska. Dr. Cromer is one of the greatest ministers of the Gospel today, and is a great lover of horses and dogs. He has a fine dog as well as the horse, Don Riley.

This horse weighs about eight hundred pounds, is a very stylish little fellow, and well marked as you can see from his picture. When asked what he would take for the horse, Dr. Cromer would reply, "How many hundred and sixty acre farms have you?" So greatly does he love his horse that he would just as soon almost part with his life as to lose him, and I believe that if Don Riley could talk he would say the same for his master.

There is not a horse in the whole city that attracts the attention that this one does. At the Horse Show he won first prize over every thing that was shown—many of them far prettier horses than he—both as a saddle horse and a single driver. His competitors were at a loss to understand. It was simple enough. He had been taught obedience, respect for his master, and knew just what he was to do at the time he was directed to do it.

He will shake hands with you, stand on his hind legs, stretch his legs as far as he can and dance. He will do all this without the use of the whip. He will also play you a trick. That is, if you happen to be around him and are not watching, he will take your hat or pinch you a little in the back, just enough to let you know that he is around. He likes cake and sugar, and if you give him some he will show his appreciation by loving you, so to speak—rubbing his nose all over you.

The two are inseparable. His master is often gone for several days at a time and Don Riley shows his impatience until he returns. He knows the minute he hears his master's foot-fall that Dr. Cromer has arrived, and then there is great rejoicing between man and horse.

The 38th Annual Meeting of the American Humane Association will be held at Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1914. Representatives of local anti-cruelty societies and individual humanitarians are invited to attend.

#### A PLEA

By ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

Into a barnyard, at the long day's end,  
With drooping head, with weary step and slow,  
I saw a servant—aged, friendless, go.  
Methought his eyes to me this plea did send:  
"Will not someone our o'erwrought years defend?  
He who would lay our bones 'neath winter's  
snow  
In some wood-skirted field we used to know—  
The Beast's Elysium—would be a friend."  
He missed, I ween, the touch of some child-hand,  
The crib where he a score of years was fed,  
The brook he drank from, the sweet pasture  
land.  
O Gratitude, he said that you were dead!  
Then as he went, he seemed to say that we  
Served but the altar of Utility.

#### "A HEADLESS ROOSTER"

Attention of humane societies, especially in the South, is called to one Worsham who is exhibiting a rooster from which some part of the head has evidently been cut away. He was arrested recently in Jacksonville, Florida, but escaped, and it is feared is making his living from this unfortunate victim of his cruelty, or from some other one treated in the same manner.

### Veterinary Column

**Question:** My bay mare, twelve years old, weighing about 1400, developed a condition of the left hind leg that a veterinary diagnosed, six months ago, as stifle trouble. The joint has been blistered several times and is now enlarged to twice its normal size. The mare walks with a swinging gait and, when standing, holds up the leg. What further treatment would you recommend? A. N. R.

**Answer:** Such a condition leads me to believe there is an ulceration of the articular surface of the stifle-joint, characterized by heat, pain, hard swelling, waste of the flank, etc. Have an examination made by a competent veterinarian. If this diagnosis is verified, further treatment can be of no avail. The animal should be humanely destroyed.

**Question:** My cat has had a sore paw for two months. The lower half has swollen to twice the ordinary size. There is a red spot in the middle but no discharge. The cat does not step on it. Can anything be done? C. D.

**Answer:** The swelling may be the result of the presence of a foreign body, a bruise, fracture, etc. Examine paw closely to determine if foreign body is the cause. This must be removed, if present. Owing to the habit of a cat licking the affected part, the use of a non-poisonous medication is necessary. Bathe the paw twice a day with warm boracic acid solution—a teaspoonful of boracic acid to a pint of warm water.

**Question:** I have six horses which are troubled a great deal with scratches. I have tried different preparations, but failed to get any benefit. Will you kindly prescribe for same? M. K. R.

**Answer:** A very good preparation is the following: Equal parts (4 ounces) of compound tincture benzoin and of glycerine. Apply three times daily.

**Question:** I have a pure white Maltese cat, three months old, that is deaf. Please tell me what can be done for it? G. C. F.

**Answer:** Hereditary deafness, such as is indicated in the case you describe, is absolutely incurable. Temporary deafness may be the result of an accumulation of wax in the inner ear. A half teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen should give beneficial results.

**Note:** The Society's veterinarian will be glad to answer questions relative to the treatment of sick or injured animals. Replies will be published whenever practicable.



## THE EDITORS AND THE HORSES

If every editor who sees this copy of *Our Dumb Animals* will kindly reprint these lines which follow—"The Horse's Point of View in Summer"—an immeasurable amount of good will be done for hundreds of thousands of horses the world over. Who can refuse to say a kind word for that faithful servant, the horse?

## The Horse's Point of View in Summer

If a horse could talk he would have many things to say when summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say,—“Give me a little water many times a day, when the heat is intense, but not much at a time if I am warm; if you want me to keep well don't give me any grain when you bring me warm into the stable, just a half dozen swallows of water, and some hay to eat until I am cool.

“Don't water me too soon after I have eaten my grain, wait an hour. Especially do I need watering between nine and ten at night. I am thirstier then than at almost any other time of day.”

He would say,—“When the sun is hot and I am working let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears, to keep off the sun, is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it, unless it is a sponge kept cool and wet. If you treat me as you would yourself, and do not clip off my foretop, you need not have much fear of losing me by a sunstroke.

“If on an extremely warm day I give evidence by panting and signs of exhaustion that I am being overcome with the heat, unharness me, take me into the shade and apply cold water or even broken ice, wrapped up in a cloth or put in a bag, to my head, sponge out my mouth and go over my legs with a cool wet sponge.”

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruel city cobblestones—the pressure of the load pushing him to the fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly net when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep out the insects that bite and sting.

He would plead for as cool and comfortable a stable as possible in which to rest at night after a day's work under the hot sun.

He would suggest that living through a warm night in a narrow stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded is suffering for him and poor economy for the owner.

He would say that turning the hose on him is altogether too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not too warm on a hot day, he would find agreeable.

He would say,—“Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night, and also sponge me with clean cool water under the collar and saddle of the harness.”

## Result of the Prize Contest



## “WHY NOT?”

Martha B. Thomas of Old Lyme, Connecticut, is the winner of the ten dollar prize for verses on the picture “Why Not?” in the contest announced in *Our Dumb Animals* for May. That issue contained the accompanying picture, with this offer: “A prize of ten dollars will be given for the best lines of verse, not exceeding sixteen, upon this picture, all competitions to reach this office not later than June 1, 1914.”

Two hundred and fifty-nine manuscripts, received from 243 writers, were admitted to the contest. The best of these appeared to be so equal in merit that the editors felt unable to decide which should be awarded the prize, and so asked Mr. William Dana Orcutt, author and publisher, to act as the final judge. The manuscripts were submitted to Mr. Orcutt, with the following result:

“In my opinion the best verses are those entitled “Why Not” by Martha B. Thomas, and I think that the prize should be awarded to her. For honorary mention I have selected three, namely: E. Saunders Rockwell, Adalena F. Dyer, and Jane Belfield.”

*Our Dumb Animals* is greatly pleased with the apparent success of this contest, and takes this opportunity to express its appreciation to all who participated in it, and especially to Mr. Orcutt for his kind gratuitous services as judge.

## WHY NOT?

(Awarded honorary mention in prize contest)

By JANE BELFIELD, Germantown, Pa.

If I am yet to be,  
If future worlds untrodden wait my sight,  
Then why not he, whose patient latter plight  
Should its own righting see—  
Alike for him and me—my faithful steed?

You see we were old friends.  
The soul behind his eyes would rise to meet  
The soul that looked from mine, alert to greet!  
The long drear earth-road bends,  
To higher pastures wends—my faithful steed!

His dumb heart knew me here.  
If I discard this body, why not he?  
If I once being, am again to be,  
I neither doubt nor fear  
With me shall there appear—my faithful steed!

This picture is a reproduction of the painting, entitled, “WHY NOT?” by W. L. Duntley, the well-known painter of horses. It has been reproduced in full color on a handsome card, seven by five and a half inches, and is being sold for twenty-five cents for the benefit of our Angell Memorial Hospital and the home of our two Societies.

## WHY NOT?

(Awarded the \$10 prize in the contest)

By MARTHA B. THOMAS, Old Lyme, Conn.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

When the world's last cab has been driven,  
When harness and bit are done,  
When the oldest hack is in splinters,  
And the swiftest race has been run,

Ye shall rest, good friends, as ye need it,  
Lie down in the pastures of peace,  
And the flowers and free-flowing river  
Shall sing of your glad release;

And none shall ye pull for their bidding,  
And none for the whip-lash that stings,  
And all ye need heed for obeying  
Is the touch of an angel's wings.

And when ye are rested and happy  
It shall be as the world began,  
Ye shall live in a perfect communion  
With Nature and God and Man.

## WHY NOT?

(Awarded honorary mention in prize contest)

By E. SAUNDERS ROCKWELL, Washington, D. C.

Through countless ages I have been your friend,  
A willing servant, faithful to the end.  
Ye know my strength and how I served mankind;  
How I discerned in you the master mind;  
How in your warfare it devolved on me  
To charge the foe and win your victory;  
What grievous loads I hauled, what races ran:—  
Earth's noblest animal allied to man.

When closes life's brief drama here below  
To unknown realms of spirits all must go.  
Then, as we meet before the pearly gate  
Where crowns for faithful ones are said to wait,  
Where ye who smote with lash, and made me sore  
In limb and joint till I could work no more,  
Claim entrance to celestial joys unseen,—  
Why not grant me a rest in pastures green?

## The Friendship of a Dog by J. W. HODGE, M.D.



**R**EADER, have you ever been so fortunate as to enjoy the friendship of a dog?

I am aware that feelings of friendship and affection are usually attributed to human beings only; but I feel sure that any of my readers who have ever appreciated the friendship of a dog will bear me out in

the statement that there is no more sincere affection, unselfish attachment and unswerving loyalty than that of a dog for his human master.

No human heart beats with truer, fonder affection than does the heart of a dog. Would that mankind were as true and free from guile as is the unpretentious animal we call a dog!

The dog tells no tales, betrays no secrets, does not dissemble, finds no faults, makes no criticisms and tells no lies.

"Come Carlo, dear four-footed friend,  
And look at me that I may trace  
Once more that glance of loving light  
Which lends such candor to thy face.

"Give me thy paw; 'tis truster far  
Than many a hand of human mould;  
And greet me with thine honest tongue  
That ne'er a lie to me hath told."

In sincerity and loyalty to his master, the dog is superior to all other animals. He is the only animal in the world who will voluntarily forsake the companionship of his own kind for that of man. Like a child he obeys his master and like a tiger defends him. He will freely offer up his life in defense of his master without the expectation of a like sacrifice in return.

Your dog is happy when you are happy; he is dejected and miserable when you are sad. When you are discouraged he is on hand with the fond caress of his warm tongue and his silent sympathy to cheer and console you. He will remain at your side and express his sympathy through his eloquent pantomime as best he can in his own inimitable way.

If you go away from home, leaving him behind, how longingly and anxiously he waits and watches for you! A prolonged separation breaks his heart; he even refuses to eat and remains restless and disconsolate until you return.

And when you do return, who is the first to announce your arrival and meet you at the gate? Your dog. With what unchecked and unfeigned delight and unbounded enthusiasm he greets you in his frank and loving dog-like fashion as he graciously welcomes you back home again! With joyous "ki-oodle," with beaming eyes and wagging tail, he bounds and barks in the ecstasy of his joy, being for the time oblivious to everything except his master's presence.

He becomes fairly hilarious with joy as he salutes with his voice and greets with eyes and ears and tail, in fact with every part of his entire body.

Where in the wide world does a man ever receive such a gracious, enthusiastic and whole-hearted welcome as that which is accorded to him by his loving and devoted dog on such an occasion?

Of the so-called "lower animals," the dog is the most docile, affectionate, friendly and intelligent. He is endowed with strong social instincts and possesses an inherent love for man, whom he seems to look up to and adore as his deity, and for whom he would willingly lay down his life in defense.

The dog is a philanthropist who possesses in a high degree of development the attribute of kindness. He forgives injuries and manifests his gratitude in return for the smallest acts of

kindness shown him. When the human friends we loved and trusted have forgotten to be kind and true and have hastened from our presence as the clouds of misfortune gather around us, the dog clings closely to us and remains with us, true and faithful to the very last.

Edgar Howard, editor of the Columbus (Nebraska) *Telegram*, delivered a eulogy at the grave of his dead friend Bix (a dog), in which, among other beautiful things, he said:

"Bix is dead! Bix was dog in the animal kingdom, but he possessed a more than human heart. He never spoke about his own virtues but showed them in his every-day life. In the last effort for life Bix dragged himself to my feet, raised his drooping muzzle and laid it in my hand, as I have often seen a child repose its weary head on a mother's knee. Thus he died, and in the death-glaze upon his sad brown eyes I thought I read a message of pardon for the whipping I gave him one day when anger had driven from my brain that fair sense of reason which should direct the movements of men, if not of dogs. I have never been able to accept the teachings of those ancients who held that at the moment of death the souls of men and women are transferred to the bodies of birds and dogs, but if I could accept that view I should believe that one day there lived upon this earth a rare and radiant soul within the body of the gentlest woman that ever came to brighten and to bless the earth with her sweet presence, and that nature had transferred her soul to the body of poor Bix, so gracious and good was he. But I can't believe such things as transmigration of souls, and all that is left for me now is to give to poor Bix in the garden of my memory a place among the roses, with a promise and a pledge to strive to make my own life among men reflect somewhat the lessons of loyalty and kindness acquired by contact with my dog. And so, good Bix, Good-bye."

How do you imagine this editor would have felt had Bix been stolen and sold to vivisectioners and subjected to experimental surgery?

For thirty years the writer has been continuously a special agent of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and has during that time made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship of thousands of dogs.

During all my life I have been familiar with dogs and have learned to admire their sterling traits of character. When I was a small boy my dearest friend, next to my mother, was my dog, who was a beloved member of our family.

In my opinion no family circle is complete without a dog. He keeps the members of the household young and happy, and exerts a benign and moral influence on the home in which he lives.

**"Dogs are like persons. We know there are persons who are cruel and whose dispositions are sour, and we know that some dogs are more likely to take offense than others, but on the whole, dog for dog, and man for man, there are more badly tempered men than dogs."**

### THE COLLIE'S REVERIE

I lie and sniff at the soft gray mist,  
And dream of the days gone by.  
I long for the sound of the shepherd's call:  
"Lassie! Oh Lassie! Hi!"

I think of the moors where the heather blooms,  
I see the flocks as they roam,  
I think of the nights so dark and gray  
When I gathered the stragglers home.

Oh, for the days when wild winds blew,  
And I raced o'er hill and wold,  
At the cry of my master's voice afar!  
"Lassie—Home to the fold!"

Oh kind is my lady fair to me,  
Here in this alien land,  
But what would I give to feel once more  
The touch of the shepherd's hand?

MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON.



"YOUR DOG IS HAPPY WHEN YOU ARE HAPPY"

### "I AM CAESAR, THE KING'S DOG"

The world remembers some of the things said at the time of the death of King Edward VII. about his much-loved dog, Caesar, whose collar bore the words quoted above. Last April Caesar died. He never became reconciled to his master's death. Though the king's bedroom was the dog's home he never entered the apartment after the death of the king. He kept about Buckingham palace a forlorn, sad creature, searching in vain for the familiar form until he too lay down and died. He was twelve years old, however, and had probably nearly reached the natural end of his days.

F.H.R.

### TO BUYERS OF HORSES

In order to prevent fraud and deception in the sale of horses, we have made the following contract with certain leading dealers:

They will sell a horse "worth the money" to any person recommended by us, and in case of any dispute arising from the sale, they will abide by our decision.

We make no charge for this service. Apply at our office, 15 Beacon Street, Room 27.

BOSTON WORK-HORSE PARADE ASSOCIATION.



## WHY DID PICCANINNY PONCE ON CLOVER?

By CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS, D.D.



**R**ECENTLY occurred in the rectory an event which cannot but interest any one who has interest in either the external or the internal cat. The persons involved are the mistress of the rectory and two cats. The cats have been inmates of the rectory with us for about ten years.

The one most interesting physically is Clover. He is blooded and immense. His weight has been estimated by experts to be twenty-five pounds. The most interesting subjectively is Piccaninny. The color of Clover is the conventional Maltese. Piccaninny is as black as a crow and nearly as glossy. He further reminds of "the cloth" by his white cravat. He is not blooded. He came to the rectory through the tears of a maid, who had saved him from drowning on the condition that she would find a home for him. If Clover has a disposition, it is mild. He cares for nothing but eating and sleeping.

There can be no question as to Piccaninny's having a disposition. It is diabolical. Still he is lovable—in common with so many other folk of like disposition. I am pounding away on my typewriter. My arm is touched. I glance over the shoulder to which the touched-arm belongs. There is a chair a few inches from the elbow of that arm. I go on with my pounding. The arm is touched again. I do not show that I have noticed the touch. It comes again. What can I do but stop pounding and take the little black rascal in my arms! And how he does nestle and purr as I embrace and fondle him!

I cannot refrain from relating another incident. Just before I began writing I passed through my bed-room, which is directly back of my study, with windows to the south. He was lying on the floor in the sunbeams, sleeping. He could have been more comfortable and also in the beams, on the cushion of a chair in the room of the mistress, to the east of the one which he was honoring. But that chair and cushion the mistress has interdicted his using—the interdiction impressed by certain experiences not over-pleasant to him!

But to my original purpose in the writing. The mistress was tidying-up in the kitchen. Both cats were in evidence. Piccaninny was sleeping on a divan near the stove. He was not in the way. Clover was sleeping behind the stove. He was in the way. The mistress spoke to him. He did not move. She touched him with the broom. He did not move. She spoke to him more sharply. He did not move. She poked him with the broom. He did not move. She both spoke and poked. He moved. In the meantime Piccaninny had awakened. He now made a flying leap, and came on Clover's back. What a fight ensued! How the fur did fly! Clover was completely "done up!"

What was back of this action of Piccaninny? Was he simply provoked over being disturbed? Had he it "in for" Clover and found it impossible to resist the impulse of the additional irritation? Did he act from a disposition to come to the assistance of the mistress? Can one know absolutely what is back of an action upon the part of any other sentient being? Are we paying enough attention to the psychology of the lower creatures? May we not some time have to account for not having done so? Piccaninny may have been taking advantage of the backing of the mistress and the broom! At any rate his doing was very much as might have been that of an unregenerate human under the circumstances.



GRADUATED!

## "NEW," "STRAY" AND "YELLOW"

By SARAH K. BOLTON

**A**LADY called me on the telephone. "There is a tortoise-shell cat around here, very pretty, with no home, and as I have three cats I cannot take her in. My neighbors say they will poison her. Can you take her in?"

I had three tortoise-shell cats already; two belonging to my dead sister, and one that some little boys picked up on the street and brought to me because homeless.

But I could not see anything starve, so I told the lady I would send a covered basket for it. When she came, the other cats were angry. They ran after her, and tried to chase her away, for fear she would crowd them out of their good home.

She was black, yellow and white, very gentle, very hungry, and very timid.

We called her "New Kitty" and she soon learned her name, but nobody played with her.

One day a little girl came with a pretty gray and white kitten that she had found under some bushes. The kitten seemed half dead with fright, as though some dog had chased it. I learned afterward that it had been to several homes, only to be turned out, or carelessly treated. I called him "Stray," and he soon made friends with "New."

The same week I was walking with my brother-in-law far in the country, where dozens of colored men and Italians were putting in a new railroad track. They had just laid down their tools and were going home. A soft-furred yellow kitten came crying after me. The men said, "It has been in the woods for a month, and we have given it bread and meat from our dinner pails."

The winter was coming on, and I knew it would starve. I could not leave it there.

In the distance I saw a fine home, and carried him to it. "It has been here once, but we have dogs and cannot have it," said a little girl on the porch. "But I have dogs, also," I said, "and I teach them to live together."

I offered the homeless kitten to two ladies walking along the street, but they did not wish the care.

I brought him six miles on the street car to my home, and "New" and "Stray" were delighted.

"New" mothered him as though he were her own, and "Stray" played with him as only two kittens know how to play. "Yellow," the new-comer, is very happy, and I also am happy in saving the lives of three homeless things.

## THOMAS

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

A cosy nook behind the range,  
Good food a-plenty, was it strange  
That he was sleek and fat?—  
For Bridget was a kindly soul,  
Soft was his bed, well filled his bowl;  
He was a happy cat.

Most dignified and neat was he;  
With pride quite beautiful to see  
He took the greatest care  
Of his white vest, his velvet toes,  
His bristling, curved moustachios—  
Well groomed each shining hair.

But, oh, alas! one ill-starred day  
The cook, kind Bridget, went away,  
And 'twas not long before  
The family on pleasure bent,  
Away in whirling autos went  
To summer at the shore.

Barred was each window, locked each door,  
All desolation where before  
Had home and plenty been!  
And luckless Thomas, left behind,  
Could neither food nor shelter find;  
He grew wild, gaunt, and thin.

His once sleek coat all burrs and dust,  
A meager bone or dirty crust  
Comprised his scanty fare;  
Consumed by thirst, mere ghost was he  
Of the fine cat he used to be—  
He looked like grim despair.

One day, in a vain hunt for food,  
With hunger mad, he dared intrude  
Inside a hostile door;  
A flying missile struck his head;  
Dazed, bleeding, down the street he fled,  
Deaf to its din and roar.

There bowled along a lumbering van,  
Beneath its wheels he blindly ran,  
As down the hill it sped;  
Poor hunted vagrant of the street,  
His little heart had ceased to beat,  
All limp he lay, and dead.

Alas that human thoughtlessness  
Should bring such misery and distress,  
Such suffering as that  
Poor Thomas knew, bereft of home,  
And left upon the streets to roam,  
A starved, abandoned cat!

## OFFICE CATS

Let the cat be treated with tenderness and firmness, and her bad qualities will disappear. If there were not millions of cats there would be billions of rats. A staff of cats is kept in the United States printing office, and also in the official printing office in France, to prevent the rats and mice from destroying the manuscripts.



ONE OF OUR LIFE MEMBERS

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1888  
 Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
 GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
 WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, July, 1914

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

### A SCHOOL FOR DRIVERS

One of the things we have planned when our new building and hospital is finished is a school for drivers. Every horse-lover is not only pained, but usually angered, to see the way so many unfortunate horses are yanked, pulled, jerked, and confused by drivers who know about as much about driving so sensitive an animal as a horse as they do about running a high-powered motor. We are pleased to learn that such a school was founded at Leipsic in 1903 by the shipping agents and team-owners of that city. In 1905 the Schleswig S. P. C. A. opened a school in Breslau, and now we are told there are several others. A young man with a certificate of training in this direction should be able to secure a much better position than the ordinary lad who simply says, "Oh, yes, I can drive a horse!" F.H.R.

### A FINE ILLUSTRATION

We are not always as successful in killing so many birds with one stone (if such an inhumane expression may be allowed us) as in the following instance. Our attention was called the last of May to a pair of "horse-sharpers" who had sold four unsuspecting and poor men unfit horses. This pair was about as disreputable a couple of thieves as we have ever come across. One investigation led to another until the result of the arrest of these "crooks" was that the four men received their money back, one \$50, one \$145, one \$35, and one \$55. All of the horses were humanely destroyed, the judge, in consideration of restoration being made, accepting the plea of guilty and placing the case on file with notification to the offenders that they go out of business at once or their case would be taken from file and pressed against them. F.H.R.

### SPARE THE WHIP

Through the generosity of a great lover of animals who devotes his time and his money to their welfare we distributed, the last week in May, 5000 buttons to 5000 teamsters. The buttons, a horse's head in the center, bore, on a red border, the white letters, "Spare the Whip" — "Teamsters' Union." Why may we not believe that this silent little badge even occasionally looked at, will mean the withholding of many a blow from many a faithful horse? F.H.R.

### IF YOU WOULD

Do as one good friend of our cause has just done! She saw the notice of the one dollar certificates for the Angell Memorial Hospital in *Our Dumb Animals*. She sent for fifty, sold them among her friends, and sent us the fifty dollars the other day for our new building. We have a thousand friends who could, if they would, do as well. Of course it took time and patience, but was it not worth while? If you would. F.H.R.

### THE STUPIDITY OF IT

A country like ours, with state laws and federal laws running into each other at innumerable points and often causing the defeat of justice itself, is at a serious disadvantage when compared with a country like England, where there is one law from sea to sea. As a fine illustration of this statement take the following:

In the effort of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to stop the shipment of immature calves, particularly from New York State into its own borders, because of the greater or less cruelty involved in the handling of such young animals, it finally appealed to the American S. P. C. A. of New York, hoping that that Society might enforce the New York State law which forbids even the bringing into a town or village for sale to be used as food a calf under four weeks of age and the shipping of any calf under four weeks of age unless for dairy purposes, that is, to be raised on a dairy farm; in that case the calf must either be shipped in a crate or accompanied by its dam.

How simple it looked. All the agents for the American S. P. C. A., we supposed, had to do was to appear at the railroad stations and say to the people buying up calves by the hundred, from one to seven and eight days old, to be shipped into Massachusetts to be slaughtered, "You are violating law; these calves cannot be shipped." When, however, the American S. P. C. A. attempted to act under the State law they discovered that the moment the calf was started for any shipment outside of the State it immediately, so said the wise ones, fell under the department of Interstate Commerce and the State laws could do nothing. Here is the reply to us of the manager of the New York State Society:

"We have had conferences with the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of New York, at Albany, and with the U. S. District Attorney, and officials of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Animal Industry, etc., in the hope of finding some way to proceed against the offenders under the present law.

"You are familiar with the limitations of State laws in the matter of interstate commerce. The Commissioner of the State Department of Agriculture declares his inability to do anything in view of the opinion of the Attorney General of the State of New York to the effect that he can find no authority that would justify the Commissioner to interfere with the shipment of calves destined to points without the State. This opinion is upheld by the U. S. Attorney, and if the contention is correct, the provisions of the agricultural law of our State, and also Section 189 of the Penal Law of New York, have no force, effect or bearing on the interstate shipment of calves. According to these authorities, an interstate shipment becomes such immediately upon the offer or tender to ship being made. The opinion of the Attorney General of New York, with which you are also familiar, further says: 'The shipping therein referred to must be construed as meaning shipping for the purpose of killing within the State and cannot refer to the shipping of calves without the State, as the legislature has no authority to prohibit such shipments.'"

This seems to be the situation: The various officers of the law, state and federal, stand around the railroad stations where the law is being violated and nobody can do anything.

Meanwhile we go to Washington and plead for a bill to control this interstate commerce in immature calves and the first thing and the last thing that we are told is that this is a matter for the individual States to regulate. How often we hear the remark, "Why don't you as a Society enforce the law?" Here is an illustration of why, sometimes, we do not. F.H.R.

### THE WORK-HORSE PARADE

The 1914 Boston Work-Horse Parade seemed to us the best so far in the history of the organization. Some 1700 horses were entered. Take them all in all they were a fine lot. Horses and drivers appeared to enjoy the occasion. We were particularly pleased to see so large a proportion of horses without blinders. The city's horses made an extremely excellent showing. We doubt if any city in the land could turn out so many fine looking animals connected with its various departments.

That the Association has done a very great deal toward the improvement of the horses in Boston no one can for a moment question. Its influence has been to inspire team owners and drivers to take a greater pride in their horses and to treat them with more consideration in respect of care, feeding and stabling. Mr. Merwin and his associates in the executive work of the organization are worthy of all praise. F.H.R.

### INFECTION FROM GLANDERS

The vile sales stables and the blacksmith shops where all sorts of horses rub their noses on the same wall are among the very worst places for spreading glanders. Beside these breeding spots the public drinking places, particularly the Jenks fountains, are harmless. Why close our fountains in Boston and leave these scores of old stables and filthy shops without disinfection? We asked a Boston blacksmith the other day when he had disinfected his shop. He said, "Never." "Have you had no orders to do this?" "No." F.H.R.

### OVERLOADING

An anonymous letter has come to our desk urging us, in view of the overloading of teams, to keep on the street "a pair or a single horse with a driver" to help out overloaded teams. "These wagons should be driven about the city during business hours and kept in the territory of the hilly district."

For the benefit of our anonymous friend we can say that wherever this has been tried it has only led to worse cases of overloading. Teams are sent out with heavier loads even than before, and drivers are told, "Oh, the humane society's horses will help you up the grade with this extra load."

Much correspondence has been had by us with leading teaming interests, and grades have been discussed and routes to avoid hills agreed upon. To prove in court an overload is one of the hardest things we ever have to do. F.H.R.

### HIS GRATITUDE

A friend in a near-by suburb has a sign where the water comes through the wall of her house: "Water Your Horses Here." Many a teamster stops, glad not only for the water for his horse, but glad for the spirit that invites him to use the privilege. This friend told us the other day that the driver of a coal team stopped and watered his horses. Then he sponged off their hot faces and shoulders. While doing this one of the horses reached out and licked his face. It seemed the only way he could show his appreciation. F.H.R.

### THE CITY OF BOSTON AND THE HORSES

It should be said, in justice to the city authorities, that as fast as they have been able to do it and were not hampered by other restraints they have been putting in faucets at the places where the old horse-drinking fountains were. More than thirty have been so equipped and the others are to be.

But you can't make drivers carry their own pails. Thousands of horses will go thirsty. And besides we cannot open our former stations where a man with six or eight pails could water several hundred horses a day. F.H.R.





Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston  
Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;  
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treas.;  
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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined .....	5032
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined .....	560
Number of prosecutions .....	32
Number of convictions .....	28
Horses taken from work .....	149
Horses humanely destroyed .....	148
Animals treated at Free Dispensary .....	468
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined .....	19,162
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed .....	21

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2000 from Col. Frank S. Richardson of North Adams, \$1117.50 from Mrs. M. C. C. Wilson of Cambridge, \$1468.50 (in part) from David Simonds of Boston, \$200 from Mrs. Mary D. Leland of Worcester, and \$28.63 (balance) from the estate of Miss Florence Lyman of Boston. It has received gifts of \$100 from the Newburyport (Massachusetts) S. P. C. A., \$100 from "E. A. H.," \$50 from H. Fisher, and \$25 from Miss Lucy S. Brewer; and, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$3312.32 from the sale of "Why Not" pictures and other sources, \$65 from the proceeds of a fair at the residence of Miss Frances Dewart of Milton, \$50 from a Band of Mercy sale at the residence of the Misses Clark, Newton Center, \$50 from Mrs. Annie Osgood Baldwin and friends, and \$25 from Dexter A. Atkins; and, for horse vacations, \$14 from Mrs. H. E. Sargent. The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Sarah M. Coats, late of Melrose, and of Miss Nellie H. Bonney of Haverhill. The American Humane Education Society has received \$63.75 from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, \$46.73 from "a co-worker" for the distribution of literature, and \$397.66, interest. Boston, June 16, 1914.

#### BOUND VOLUMES FOR 1914

Volumes of *Our Dumb Animals*, including the twelve numbers from June, 1913, to May, 1914, inclusive, attractively bound in cloth of garnet with gilt lettering, are now ready for delivery. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

#### EXTENDING OUR WORK IN MASSACHUSETTS

The following is a summary of the report of the Committee of directors of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., appointed to consider the matter of extending humane work in Massachusetts:

The Committee, having in mind the fact that this association is the Massachusetts Society and is acting for the protection of dumb animals in all parts of the State and has received many bequests from persons residing in the different cities and towns of the State, make the following recommendations:—

That the President be requested to have compiled a list of persons in the cities of the State, outside of Boston and in towns having more than 10,000 inhabitants, who are known to be interested in the prevention of cruelty to animals.

That communications by agents of the Society or by letter be opened with the persons ascertained in the manner above stated with regard to any better method by which the State Society could cooperate with them in the city or town where they live.

That when the way has been cleared, some person, acting as agent of the Society, visit all the cities and towns in which persons have been found who are interested in the matter of dumb animals to confer with them, and to assist in forming committees in their respective cities and towns, which committees shall interest themselves especially in establishing animal shelters as specified in the constitution of the Society, and in awakening in every way possible an interest in humane work.

That the district agents of the M. S. P. C. A. shall regularly visit said places in their respective districts in which a nucleus of humane persons has been found as above described, to confer with them as to any cases needing attention in that city or town.

That efforts should be made in cooperation with the committees thus formed to organize active branches to operate in close touch with the State Society, but that the establishment of these branches should not be attempted unless the work recommended as above brings to light in one or more cities or towns persons of sufficient enthusiasm and ability to take charge of such a work with a prospect of permanent success.

#### TWO WATER WAGONS

It has been decided, in view of the closed fountains in Boston, that our Society put two water wagons on the streets this summer. This will mean eleven dollars a day from June 15 to September 15. Who wants the satisfaction all through the hot summer that he is helping make less hard the lot of our Boston horses? A contribution to this fund will bring that satisfaction. F.H.R.

#### SPLENDID!

This is what we must call the efforts of some of our young friends this spring in the interests of our new home and the Angell Hospital. The Misses Clark, granddaughters of the late Peter Clark, so long president of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., held a fair at their home in Newton Center, and brought us fifty dollars as the result. Then Miss Frances H. Dewart, daughter of the Rev. W. M. and Mrs. Dewart, of Milton, and her friends arranged for a similar occasion and brought us, for the same purpose, sixty-five dollars.

We appreciate such services, springing spontaneously out of the heart of childhood, more than we can say. The names of all who have contributed in this way will be preserved in our Memorial Hall with the names of all our other noble friends. F.H.R.

#### OTHER MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETIES

There are in Massachusetts, outside of Boston, nine cities and towns which have independent or branch humane societies. To give the work of these organizations the same publicity as that of our own State Society, we recently sent to each of them a copy of the following letter:

*Our Dumb Animals* is about to try an experiment, by devoting a column each month to a summary of the work accomplished by local societies for the protection of animals in Massachusetts, outside of Boston, and to this end invites you to cooperate with us by sending each month a concise statement of the work you are doing, or interesting items in regard to your activities.

We find the space at our disposal would average about eight or ten lines to each of the other societies; therefore the contributions should be limited to not more than eighty words. This material should be in the hands of the editor very nearly the first of the month previous to the date of publication; thus, copy for the next (July) number of *Our Dumb Animals* should be received about June 1.

We trust that you will appreciate this opportunity to give publicity to your work, and respond promptly.

These are the reports received:

#### Lowell Anti-Blinder Crusade

The crusade of the Lowell Humane Society to induce horse owners and drivers to discard the useless and tormenting blinder is meeting with good success. Many of the large firms have agreed to abolish its use altogether, for not only is it considered an unnecessary part of the harness, but it has been noticed a horse does his work better, and will back his load better, and has a smarter appearance, when his eyesight is not interfered with as it always is with the cruel blinders.

This Society, during the month of May, examined 1055 horses, cattle and other animals, mercifully destroyed 11 horses and 115 cats and dogs, and took eight lame and three galled horses off work, besides making several visits to excavations, dumps and slaughter-houses. In the children's department 19 children were cared for. There were five prosecutions and five convictions.

C. F. RICHARDSON, Agent.

#### Horses Relieved in Nantucket

The Nantucket S. P. C. A., during the past three months, took from their owners two horses and put them out of misery. One horse was taken off the street and put out to pasture; another was taken from a man who through sickness was unable properly to care for it, and was put out to board until the owner redeemed it. Three dogs and fourteen cats were chloroformed.

M. F. FREEBORN, President.

#### Variety of Cases in Newburyport

The Newburyport S. P. C. A. during May rescued a goat from being driven in harness; stopped the abuse of a horse attached to a bakery wagon, and compelled the owner of another horse to provide hay and grain; and humanely destroyed two cats and a robin.

BENJ. F. HATHAWAY, Agent.

#### A GREAT LOSS

Mr. Edward B. Stratton, of Holyoke, was our local agent for that city. He gave cheerfully his efficient services to the Society. His tempered zeal in the cause of animals, his determination when once he started in to find an offender, and his success in all he undertook in the Society's name, made us prize his character and service very highly. His sudden death in an accident with his automobile in which he was riding alone brought a very deep sense of loss to all of us in the offices here who were familiar with his work.

F.H.R.



## American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
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GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

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Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
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Jerome Perinet	Switzerland
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho  
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio

### THE CLOSED WATER TROUGHS

An attempt is being made in New York city to close all the horse-drinking fountains on the same plea as here in Boston—the danger of spreading the infection of glanders. The American S. P. C. A., of New York, has established something like 100 troughs in the city, representing an investment of \$100,000; the municipality has about as many more.

The N. Y. Society is putting up the strongest resistance possible to this movement. It insists that "statistics show that in cities where public drinking fountains were plentiful disease and mortality among horses were least prevalent."

The suffering of horses in a city like Boston with the fountains closed, will vastly outweigh in economic loss the slight loss from the possible infection at public drinking places. F.H.R.

### ENGLAND'S OLD HORSE TRAFFIC

The passing at the time of this writing of the second reading in the British Parliament of the Exportation of Horses Bill looks at last like the beginning of the end of that dreadful commerce that has been going on so long between England and the Continent whereby poor, worn-out old horses have been shipped across the channel from England to be butchered for food. The hardships, the cruelties to which these most unfortunate servants of man have been subjected in this wretched and pitiless traffic are beyond description. F.H.R.

### THE PUBLIC ABATTOIR AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH

Mr. R. M. Allen, food commissioner of Kentucky, at the conference of the American Pure Food League which met in New York last April, urged the need of large central abattoirs not only on the ground of economy, but as well for the sake of the public health. He points out, as we have done, repeatedly, some of the dangers of uninspected and diseased meat, declaring that words cannot paint some of the horrible scenes connected with many a slaughterhouse. He affirms that one of the forces of opposition comes from the knowledge of disreputable dealers that proper inspection causes much loss by reducing many animals from food values to fertilizer values.

We welcome each new advocate of the public abattoir not only as one who, whether he intends to or not, becomes thereby a friend of all food animals, but as one who seeks the conservation and preservation of the health of the nation.

F.H.R.

### THE BLACK COBRA

Snakes like men run up and down the whole scale of good and bad. Of all the bad snakes, however, the black cobra seems to head the list for genuine capacity for harm. He has been called the "most diabolical member of the snake family." Of course there is nothing diabolical about him for whatever he does he does because "he's born that way."

Wherever this snake is found it is reported that the spray of his venomous saliva, which he can throw as far as eight feet, will produce instantaneous blindness when striking the eyes of man. Sometimes this blindness is permanent, sometimes it lasts but a day or two.

Here is a fine illustration of the slanderer who goes about blinding people by "spitting" the venom of slander and falsehood into the intellectual eyes of those he knows, till they are either permanently blinded to the truth, or at least so seriously incapacitated for seeing that they never see straight again. F.H.R.

### THE BIRDS AND THE BIBLE

In a part of a sermon, published in a humane journal of New South Wales, the preacher tells us that there are more than forty species of birds spoken of in the Bible. We recall the frequent references to doves, several kinds of them being mentioned. David was hunted "as a partridge in the mountains," he was "like a pelican in the wilderness," so forlorn did he feel. Again, "I am as a sparrow alone on a housetop." "As for the stork, the fir tree is her home." Who will not remember the words, "Wings of the morning," "wings of a dove," "wings of the wind," "wings of the Almighty"? He never goes unrewarded who follows the injunction, "Behold the fowls of the air!" F.H.R.

### A GOOD ST. LOUIS FRIEND

Miss Lillian Nagel of St. Louis appears to be a sort of stormy petrel in that world where cruelty is practised, and doubtless she is cordially disliked by certain members of the community; but we are for her, declares the *Times* of that city.

The establishment of a home for old and worthless dogs, and the placing of a ban upon a game in which live ducks were placed at the mercy of hilarious summer garden amusement seekers, may seem small change in comparison with the large currency of human service; but somebody ought to attend to the little things, and Miss Nagel appears to be in deadly earnest in her determination to diminish the sum total of cruelty. She has a large field. We wish her success in it.

### MORE ABOUT BIRD MURDER

By EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

Since writing my last short article about the destruction of birds in France, the press has taken up the question more energetically than before. Letters from scientists, landed proprietors, and farmers are appearing. It is thus we can look forward with a reasonable hope that the sin of bird murder is passing, and a prosperous future for agriculture in France is at hand.

We are now only looking at the matter from the purely practical point of view, the millions of dollars to be saved, the increased crops. There is of course another side, the preservation of the countless thousands of song-birds that make living in the country so delightful, and the saving from death and broken wings of hosts of God's beautiful feathered creatures. It would appear that the ignorant farmer has two pet aversions that he hastens to exterminate, the oriole and the bullfinch! These are accused of breaking the tender branches of cherry-trees when in blossom, and pillaging the fruit when ripe. Now the facts are that they may do a little damage in April or May, but when the fruit is ripe they more than pay back any damage by devouring hosts of cockchafers daily. This applies mostly to the bullfinch. As to the oriole, he devours millions of cockchafers and parasites of all kinds. The titmouse also destroys without pity. A naturalist estimates that a single bird will kill yearly 300,000 insects.

The nightingale is one of the largest destroyers of noxious insects and ants. The graceful lapwing is a great hunter of worms, for he works night and day. We must not overlook the services of the swallow and martin, who devour millions of flies and mosquitos, this destruction saving human life, as these insects convey all kinds of deadly fevers. In Charente-Inferieure, since the law has forbidden the shooting of swallows, marsh fever has disappeared. As M. Boucheny de Grandval says in an article, *Les Oiseaux et L'Agriculture*, "Let us be grateful and cease to make war on birds."

Dieppe, France.

### MRS. MANNING'S NEW WORK

Among the recent activities of Mrs. Alice W. Manning in Constantinople are a contest for declamations and orations, in which seven young men participated; an edition of "The Strike at Shane's" in the Greek language; and plans for a text-book in Bulgarian, "Our Dumb Animals and How to Treat Them," by Secretary E. K. Whitehead of Denver. It is hoped to have the latter volume ready for the opening of the school year next September.

Mrs. Manning's many friends in this country, who have watched with interest the progress of her work for humane education in Turkey, will be glad to know that she expects to come to Cambridge, Massachusetts, next October, as her husband, Prof. Manning of Robert College, is to have a year's leave of absence.

### INTERNATIONAL PEACE FLAG

In these days, when Old Glory floats from every flagstaff and the heart thrills with love of country, it may not be amiss to call attention to the International Peace Flag, which is made by placing all the national flags on a background of white, the color of the flag of truce. The complete flag consists of three streamers gathered at the top with a bow of ribbon. Two of the streamers contain the flags of other countries, while the topmost one is of white and bears the inscription, PEACE TO ALL NATIONS. This flag symbolizes the world movement for peace.

Are you wearing the "Be Kind to Animals" button? Write for free sample.

## AT THE ZOO

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

Helpless behind strong bars they stand and gaze

In mute appeal; captives against their will.  
That curious eyes their beauty may admire  
To while away an idle hour, perchance,  
These denizens of forest and of glen,  
Of tangled thicket, or of prairie wide,  
Are penned up in a prison house,—the Zoo.  
Children wide-eyed and eager, scan them o'er,  
Ne'er thinking how their lithe limbs yearn  
to feel

The broad, smooth greensward of their native wild.

Women admire and pet and turn away  
To fondle their young offsprings that as yet  
God's loving mercy has unfettered left.  
Oh, you who find the Zoo a pleasant place  
To while away a leisure afternoon,  
Remember that the wild young things whose eyes

Meet yours with wonder and with loving trust,  
Are prisoners at your mercy, for 'tis you  
Who make it possible to run the Zoo.

## MUSIC IN THE AIR

It is said that the wings of the common housefly, vibrating 535 times a second, give us the sound of F in music. The honey-bee, with its wings vibrating 440 times a second, produces the sound of A. We are more familiar with that soul-harrowing note that floats about at night from the wings of the mosquito. Just where it belongs in the musical scale we do not know. When, however, you strike for this musician and miss him there are other letters in the alphabet suggested than A and F. F.H.R.

## FOR ANIMALS IN ITALY

Princess Mele Barese, president of the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals, Italy, reports that 138 horses, mules and donkeys, and more than 2500 small animals were humanely destroyed by the Society during 1913. Nearly 23,000 animals, carried with heads down and feet tied together (including birds that were the victims of children at play), were given relief. More than 40,000 "sticks, stakes, goads and spikes," found fastened to the shafts of vehicles for ready use by the drivers, were confiscated.

The Society is attempting to remedy these conditions by educational work, such as horse and donkey parades, and awarding prizes to policemen for zealous care of animals. Princess Barese writes that she hopes soon to have Bands of Mercy organized in the municipal schools. Contributions for this Society may be sent to Mr. Percy Carew Essex, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Society in England, 26 Charles Street, St. James', London, S. W.; to Captain Basso (director), 8 Via Vittoria, Naples, or to herself, at 7 Chiatamone, Naples.

## A JAPANESE S. P. C. A.

From Kobe, Japan, one of the largest seaport cities in that Empire, comes the annual report of its S. P. C. A., of which His Excellency, Ichizo Hattori, governor of the province, is the actively interested president. This Society has now been established for over six years, and increasingly beneficial work has been accomplished.

As the report sets forth, the cases dealt with by the Society in the past year were mainly those of overloading of horses. Other cases calling for attention were sick and lame horses, advising head coolies as to the manner of loading, application to the authorities for repair of roads, etc., the cases dealt with in all making a total of 2110. The report notes an increase in the number of subscribers, both Japanese and foreigners, who work conjointly to better the conditions of animal life in this beautiful Japanese city.

EDITH A. SAWYER.

## Around the Arc-light

By CHARLES ELMER JENNEY

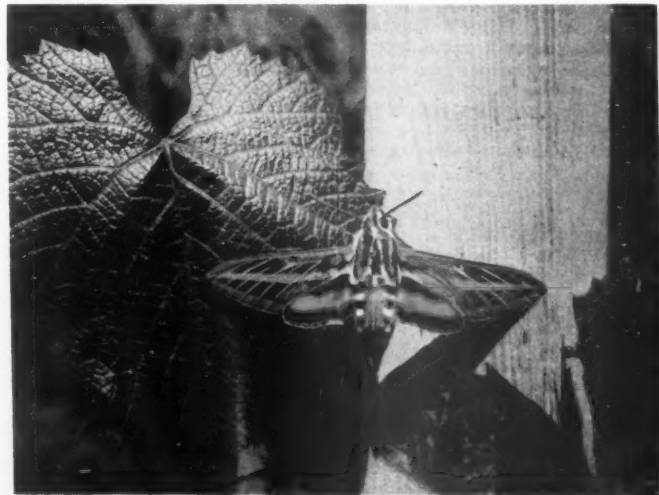


ANY strange-adventured creatures have fluttered around my incandescent globe on summer evenings. It would seem as if like another Aladdin I had but to rub the dust off the glass, turn the button, and a fairy land of enchantment was opened up. Long-tongued moths and dusty millers, may-flies and beetles and many others have answered the call of the lamp.

On a larger scale and in a higher realm the same thing happens around the powerful arc-lights that illuminate our city streets from the cross-roads. As you pass by them, if you chance to look up you will see a dazzling intricacy of comet-like objects performing parabolic curves or irregular orbits about its lustre and now and then hear the click of a blinded aviator that has dashed against the glass, to fall stunned to the earth below. Many recover and continue their peregrinations, either about the *ignis fatua* or off

by the early travel. Sometimes the Chinamen are out gathering them in gunny-sacks; it is generally reported that they dry and crush them for some kind of medicinal purposes, but I have never verified the exact use they are put to, though I have often seen them gathering them.

This beetle, as his name indicates, is a water-lover and has traveled a long distance through the air from some irrigation ditch. In their larval stage they are ugly black grubs, sometimes used by fishermen for bait. The mature beetles seem equally at home in the water, on land or in the air, and are quite wonderful in this respect. They remind one of Well's conception of the soldiery in his "First Men in the Moon." They have also the distinction of being the largest of all our beetles here in the United States. In the water, they carry their own diving apparatus—a film of air on the under side, which gives them a silvery appearance when seen from below. The female makes an artistic silk case for her eggs, attaching it to some convenient object.



WHITE-LINED SPHINX MOTH

to their regular occupations. But many fall for good on the arena below and are crushed beneath the juggernaut of the morning's automobile travel. Perhaps the best time to inspect the field of action is about midnight, for by then the flight seems to have reached its height.

One of the most numerous of the night-fliers in the month of April—April in California is already summer—is the great turtle-shaped black beetle, *Hydrophilus triangularis*. Protected like an armored auto-car with his shining black wing-covers and horny shell, he seems almost too heavy for flight, but his powerful motor carries him high through the air, above the flight of most of the moths, so much so that he is rarely if ever found around the house-lights. Time and again he will strike the arc-light with a sharp metallic blow and fall dazed to the road fifty feet below. Recovering, if he be on his back, much desperate effort is necessary before he can turn over on a level surface, for his short legs can scarcely touch the ground over the sharp edge of his shell. Even righted, he has to walk around awhile and perhaps seek a secluded spot in the grass to rest before he is ready for flight again. Some strike too hard for speedy recovery, and I have seen thousands beneath a light in the early morning in the heart of the city, being crushed

Under each arc-light on our street sits a pussy-cat waiting for such prey as the lure of the light shall yield. There seems to be but one cat to a light, as if they had a system like the newsboys of apportioning a station to each cat. The beetles are rather hard nuts for them to crack, but the moths are more satisfactory and the white-lined sphinx moth, *Deilephila lineata*, makes quite a *pièce de resistance*. These handsome moths have a spread of wings of from two to three inches and a big furry body of mouse-gray, which may be suggestive to the cat. They are striped with white lengthwise, the outer stripe on each side extending over the eyes to the front of the head. The fore wings have a buff stripe clear across and the hind wings are black with a broad red band which is one of their most distinctive marks. The back part of the body is barred black and white on buff. The compound eyes are very large and black, like the goggles of an aviator. They are perhaps the largest flutterers around the light, making a loud buzzing sound and often being mistaken for humming-birds. They were once large yellow-green worms variously marked but usually with a row of eye-like spots, red, edged with double black lines and all connected by a yellow line. Then they fed on grape-vines, turnips and purs-

lane. The one here illustrated is shown fluttering close to a grape leaf. They later form a light-brown chrysalis within a hole in the ground, where they quietly pass two months and then emerge as the moth. "Friend of the Evening" is the meaning of their name and well given.

The common June-beetle, *Lachnosterna fusca*, of the Atlantic States, is represented here in California by a smaller but very similar-looking red beetle, *Ligyris gibbosus*. In great quantities he is found beneath the arc-lights in April. He looks exactly like a half-grown eastern "June-bug." If you have ever held one of these in your hand (perhaps to drop down someone's neck on the sly) you are familiar with the immense power in their claws, in proportion to their size, and it sometimes seems as if they would pry your hand open in spite of you, with their persistent and scratchy clawing. They strike the lamp with vim and rebound from it like a ping-pong ball.

Strix, the barn-owl, evidently does not disdain to feed on "such small deer" when larger game is scarce, for you may, if your eyes are keen, see now and then his shadow sweep noiselessly through the gloom above the light and hear his rasping cry of "Strix" as if vengefully shouting his name as he disappears after a marauding dash. The bats also find here a happy hunting-ground. And from beneath a street crossing Bufo, the toad, emerges, blinks keenly and kindly toward the table set for him in the cross-road, and concludes to take a chance on any late joy-riding auto passing now.

It looks rather alarming from the viewpoint of the insect, does it not? But to human philosophy it brings the great wonder of how carefully the balance is maintained to keep any one species from so multiplying as to become a pest to all its contemporaries.

#### STATE HUMANE CONVENTIONS

Mr. John L. Shortall, president of the Illinois Humane Society, delivered an address at the fifth convention of humane societies of Illinois, held at Rock Island, May 7 last.

The Michigan Humane Association held its eighth annual convention at Muskegon, June 4 and 5.

## Mrs. Ryder's Latest Achievement

THE name of Mrs. Jeannette Ryder of Havana, Cuba, has often appeared in these columns, yet with our limited space we feel that we do not begin to do justice to the splendid accomplishments of this devoted woman—devoted to the cause of humanity and to that of animals. In April, with the Mayor and many American and Cuban social and political leaders of Havana and with the Municipal Band present, Mrs. Ryder saw the new home of the Band of Mercy officially opened. The building, formerly owned by the government, was delivered to Mrs. Ryder's Band of Mercy by decree of President Menocal. It is situated in the restricted district of Havana, where it can be of most service to the classes of people and animals which her merciful work reaches. The building had to be thoroughly remodeled for its new service, and much of this task fell upon Mrs. Ryder herself. It now combines under one roof facilities for an attractive meeting place for the Band of Mercy; a large well-appointed day nursery, over the entrance of which is this motto, "For the other woman's child"; and an equipment for receiving and humanely destroying stray cats and dogs.

From the report of the opening exercises, in the *Cuba News* of April 25, we take the following:

The mayor in his speech told how much Mrs. Ryder had done in improving conditions in many ways in Havana, but it remained for Dr. Mendez Capote to tell how Mrs. Ryder had proven to be "Havana's greatest benefactress."

"When you see a coachman get down off his box seat and uncheck his horse when he arrives at his stand," said Mendez Capote, "that is Mrs. Ryder. When you see a mule standing in the stall with a sore shoulder or back instead of being compelled to work, Mrs. Ryder put him there. Why is it that Havana is noted for its magnificent horses and mules? Because Mrs. Ryder keeps the sick and crippled ones off the streets. Why will a dozen persons make angry protest if a driver is seen beating his animal? It is because of Mrs. Ryder's teaching. One has only to remember conditions fifteen years ago and now observe them today to see

what Mrs. Ryder has done. It was Mrs. Ryder who did it, too, you know and I know, and we all know.

"Talk of the government being generous in giving Mrs. Ryder this place!" exclaimed the speaker. "Why, she ought to have the best building the government owns; she ought to have a trained corps of



MRS. JEANNETTE RYDER

helpers paid by the government; she ought to receive a generous annual appropriation from the budget every year; she should be given the authority of a police captain, the judicial right of a correctional court, and the sacred rights of a bishop! These are only a few of the reasons why I say that Mrs. Ryder is Cuba's greatest benefactress, and I think every person here will bear me out in this statement."

Col. d'Estramps, the leader of the "Acera del Louvre," headed a good delegation of the members who came to inspect the new home and wish it every prosperity and success. A number of ladies assisted Mrs. Ryder in receiving the guests.

An intimate glimpse of Mrs. Ryder at work is shown in a letter written by her, not intended for publication, but from which we are taking the liberty of quoting these sentences:

"You cannot imagine how the work has gone forward. It is glorious and wonderful. The children are coming by the hundreds, and all the old members (young men now) have come back and asked to help. Work presses from every side. So many animals are received every day that I am at my wit's end to know what to do. I am expected to keep watch over every bad stretch of road in and around Havana, and between the negro preacher and me we make pretty good at it, too.

"The house is very beautiful. The meeting room is perfect in its way. I have given much thought and work to the decoration of the house.

I have made all curtains and cushions and coverings—even to the mattresses. The little beds are the loveliest you ever saw. They are for emergency cases only. Two larger beds are for the small boys condemned to Guanajay while they are waiting for the commitment papers from the Judge. They had to go to the jail heretofore.

"The house seems alive and glad. Its rooms seem to *know* and to say, 'You see, all I needed was the chance to do my part for my children.' It is an old, old house, full of experience and knowledge and *love*. Its walls are friendly and helpful. The children who come to it now are sons and daughters of the old house itself in a way, before its rebirth; and they are sharing in its regeneration and new life."



SHERIFF JENNIE POWERS OF KEENE, N. H., FEEDING CALVES FROM BOTTLE

Early hours and varied duties have no terrors for Mrs. Jennie Powers, sheriff of Cheshire County, New Hampshire, and an official of the Keene Humane Society. The United States statutes require that stock in transit be unloaded, rested and fed every twenty-eight hours. Mrs. Powers not only sees to the enforcement of this statute but often personally undertakes the feeding of certain of the more helpless creatures.

The above picture shows Mrs. Powers in the railroad stockyards at Keene, on a recent Sunday morning at 5.30. She says: "I went into the cattle yard and helped feed one hundred and sixty calves. Most of the time I was feeding two with bottles and three out of a pail. They bit my hands so badly that I had to have them disinfected."



## The Kingbird by HARRIETTE WILBUR



THE kingbird belongs to the family of tyrant flycatchers, songless perching birds which are very valuable for their services as insect destroyers. This family is found only in the Americas. Other members of the family include the phoebe, the wood pewee, great crested flycatcher, vermilion flycatcher, and scissor-tailed flycatcher. There are a score or more of different species of kingbird in the United States, but the best known are the Gray and the Arkansas. The kingbird is also called the bee-martin, from the fact that bees do sometimes form part of its food. It is not a "martin," however, as it does not belong to the swallow family.

Kingbirds spend their winters in Central and South America, and arrive in the north in May, after the insects have become plentiful. They leave for their southern home in September before the supply of insects is wholly gone, traveling at night, and flying at a considerable height.

The kingbird is plainly dressed in dark ash above, white shaded with gray beneath. He can raise the feathers on his head into a crest, sometimes showing a spot of bright red within the tuft. His beak is a natural trap for insects, being light, flat and sharp.

Farmers who keep bees consider the kingbird an enemy to the hive. But a bee-keeper who examined the stomachs of over one hundred kingbirds found only drones had been eaten. This is probably due to the fact that the drones fly high in the air, while the workers fly lower than the bird usually perches. Perhaps the sting of the workers has terrors for the kingbirds, too. The kingbird hunts injurious insects—weevils, robberflies, gadflies, May beetles, rose-chaffer ants, grasshoppers—and so is a great aid to the farmer. His manner of catching his prey is interesting to watch. He sits in wait upon some prominent perch, so he can see in every direction, with drooping tail and wings, and ready for action. As soon as an insect appears, he dashes through the air, seizes his prey with a click of the bill, and then returns to his post to watch for another.

Besides destroying injurious insects, the kingbird helps the farmer, and also song-birds, by his hatred of hawks, crows, and jays. He has saved many a chick and nestling by driving off these robbers just in the nick of time. He seems to delight in chasing a crow, and goes out of his way to meet one just for the sake of a fight.

Orchards are favorite nesting-sites for this bird, and particularly apple-trees. All the time the female is brooding on her eggs, the male

guards her from a near-by perch, and woe to the hapless bird who dares to venture near. It seems to be the cares of rearing a family that make the bird so pugilistic, for before nesting time he is a most peaceful citizen—except when he sees a crow or a hawk in his neighborhood.

"Now bloom the orchards, and the noisy bees  
Sing like a wind among the snowy boughs.  
And over all, the tyrant of the hour,  
The kingbird, hovers, darting on his prey;  
And takes the ventured argosy of sweets,  
Then boasts his conquest on th' adjacent branch,  
Where, like a pirate hauled against the wind,  
He waits another sail."

So wrote Thomas B. Read, in "The New Pastoral," but he added this apologetic footnote: "Since this passage was written, the supposed fact has been disputed. I shall be glad to find that I have done this little intruder injustice."

### THE PURPLE MARTIN

Some of our readers may remember what we said early this spring about trying to establish a colony of martins. For three years, in May, the martins had inspected a very attractive home-made house and then gone their way. This spring we sent for a Jacobs Martin House, as, according to manufacturer Jacobs, he knows the secret of how to win these beautiful birds.

This year the martins are with us. Imagine our delight when we discovered them one morning flying in and out the house, and a few days after saw them building their nests.

They are not only beautiful, graceful birds, but most delightfully sociable. They will sweep about you while you work in the garden, almost brushing you with their wind-swift wings, and then alighting on the house, or putting their little heads out of the openings look down on you with apparently no fear and let you talk to them to your heart's content. There have been many bird-awakened joys for us this spring, as day by day new arrivals have greeted us with song and flash of wing, but this year the joy of having won the heart of the purple martin has been the greatest of them all. F.H.R.

### A WILD DUCK'S GRATITUDE

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

Last Saturday, April 25, at sunset I went to the Gulf beach for my usual evening walk. I found a boy there who was throwing stones and shells at a lone, wild duck that evidently could not fly away owing to weakness, or some injury to its wings. I stopped the boy in his brutal sport, when the distressed bird made a long dive and came to the shore where I was standing, as if for protection. I picked it up and carried it to my room, where I cared for it till morning. As

I could not get it to eat anything, I then took it away down the beach a mile or more, where I saw a flock of ducks of its kind out on the Gulf. I put it in the water, with my blessing, and watched it till it joined its companions. That was one of the happiest Sundays of my life.

To the gun-toters, the disciples of T. Roosevelt, I am a soft-headed old fool of 74, a lover of animals. Yes, I could not be hired by John D. with all his wealth to kill one of God's creatures. Christ would not do it, if he were on earth today. I want no leprous spots on my soul.

Who, or what influenced that duck to come to me? Who impressed it with the idea that I would be kind to it? What is back of nature? Is there a personal God, an ocean of intelligence, or, was it the work of guardian angels? You pay your money and you take your choice of beliefs.

T. C. PURDY,

Boca Grande, Florida.

### HOW THE SPARROWS FED THE ROBINS

By MRS. C. T. CANDEE

One Sunday morning during a March snow-storm, when the ground was growing white, the English sparrows, who were fed daily from my kitchen window, were carrying the pieces of bread away, an unusual proceeding. We watched them drop the food under a tree in the garden in the branches of which sat two bedraggled robins. The sparrows chirped the best they could until the forlorn robins accepted the invitation to breakfast and flew down to partake of the food with these good friends.

When we returned from church at noon, the robins were with the sparrows at the kitchen window, waiting for the noon meal which they all enjoyed together.

### JUNE

By TIMOTHY C. MURPHY

The sweet wind sweeps across the fields,  
New cut the grass is lying,  
Where vanquished Spring to Summer yields,  
June's golden flags are flying.

Fair flows the river's gleaming tide,  
The copse and meadow meeting,  
And feathered folk on every side,  
Send forth a morning greeting.

The spider's web of pearl is hung,  
The wild rose bush adorning,  
Where many a dew-kissed rose has flung,  
Its glory to the morning.

Swift speeds the swallow's fleeting wing,  
The zephyr's course pursuing,  
Like love-lorn swains the robins sing,  
Their madrigals of wooing.

When Nature's charms are thus in tune,  
And lightly pass the hours,  
Then knows the world that it is June,  
The month of birds and flowers.



A NESTFUL OF BABY LINNETS



A PAIR OF YOUNG MOCKING-BIRDS

## The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS  
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
A. JUDSON LEACH { State Organizers  
ELLA A. MARYOTT }

### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals for one year.
  2. Twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and seventy-eight new Bands were reported in May, of which 265 were organized in schools of Massachusetts, 69 in schools of Maine, 33 in schools of Rhode Island, 127 in schools of Connecticut, 23 in schools of Virginia, and 18 in schools of Maryland. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

#### Schools in Massachusetts

**Boston:** Franklin, 14; Waitt, 8; John J. Williams, 10; Rice, 3; Quincy, 13; Tyler, 6; Andrews, 12; Pierpont, 4; Abraham Lincoln, 41; Skinner, 5.

**Burlington:** Center, 3.

**Chelmsford:** Center, 6; North, 6; Highland, 4; West Chelmsford, 3; East, 2; South, 2; Golden Cove; North Row; South Row.

**Dracut Center:** Dracut Center, 4; Collinsville, 4.

**Lynnfield:** Center, 2; South Lynnfield, 3.

**Nahant:** Center, 6.

**New Bedford:** James B. Congdon, 13; Wm. H. Taylor, 13; Katherine St., 19; Phillips Ave., 8; Thompson St., 9; Dartmouth St., 6; George H. Dunbar, 9.

**North Reading:** North Reading, 4.

**Tewksbury:** Foster, 5.

**Tyngsboro:** Tyngsboro, 4.

**Wilmington:** Walker, 4; South; North; Town Hall; Whitefield, 4.

**Charlestown, Massachusetts:** Charlestown.

**Clinton, Massachusetts:** Beautiful Joe.

**Hyde Park, Massachusetts:** Hyde Park.

**Worcester, Massachusetts:** Sharpe.

#### Schools in Maine

**Bath:** First Baptist S. S., 10; Central Church S. S., 8.

**Buxton:** Methodist S. S., 5.

**Gorham:** Methodist S. S., 7; State Normal, 9; Public, 11.

**North Berwick:** Public, 9.

**South Windham:** Friends Church S. S., 8.

**Windham:** Grammar, 2.

**South Strafford, Vermont:** Pompanoosuc Valley.

#### Schools in Rhode Island

**Providence:** Africa St., 4; Harris Ave., 4; Elm St., 8; Highland Ave., 4; Benefit St., 13.

#### Schools in Connecticut

**Bridgeport:** Barnum, 20; Huntington, 9.

**Hartford:** St. Joseph's, 15; Brown, 10; St. Ann's, 5.

**Our Lady of Sorrows, 8; Immaculate Conception, 15.**

**New Britain:** St. Joseph's, 6; Lincoln, 8; Northend, 9.

**St. Mary's, 22.**

**Waterbury:** Lincoln.

**Amsterdam, New York:** Langley; Bulvemastee.

**Esperance, New York:** Careytown.

**Poughkeepsie, New York:** Friends Junior.

**Ridgewood, New Jersey:** Ridgewood, 8.

**Washington, D. C.:** Abraham Lincoln School, 7.

**Selbyville, Delaware:** Selbyville School, 3.

#### Schools in Maryland

**Hyattsville:** Public, 7.

**Pocomoke City:** Public, 7.

**Stockton:** Public, 4.

#### Schools in Virginia

**Alexandria:** Colored, 10; Lee, 6.

**Portsmouth:** Ann St.

**Washington:** Public, 6.

**Paintsville, Kentucky:** Big Sandy; Valley.

#### Schools in South Carolina

**Camden:** Browning Home; Jackson High, 4.

**Columbia:** Waverly.

**Georgetown:** Georgetown, 2.

**Haygood:** Rafton Creek.

**Mayesville:** Mayesville Institute.

**Waltersboro:** Waltersboro.

**Albuquerque, New Mexico:** Albuquerque.

**Scottsdale, Arizona:** Humane Society.

**John Day, Oregon:** John Day.

**Total number Bands of Mercy, 92,679.**



### WOULD YOU PREFER AN ELEPHANT OR AN AUTOMOBILE?

This novel snapshot, taken recently in an English lane, shows an up-to-date sixty horse-power automobile at the side of a caravan, in the shafts of which is an elephant. An odd contrast between the modern and ancient methods of transportation!

## Seen in Squirrel-town by S. E. HILL



ON a very pleasant night in April, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, two or three ladies were walking in the streets of Omaha, Nebraska, when they noticed a very interesting conversation going on between two gray squirrels, one on the top of a three-story house, the other in the branches of a large maple tree in front of it. The trees were just budding out so the branches were quite bare, and the movements of the squirrels were very plainly to be seen.

The large squirrel, evidently the mother, was trying to train up the baby "in the way it should go," giving it a lesson in athletics. It would chatter and sputter as squirrels do, saying so plainly to the baby, "Now see me jump"; and it would straightway give a flying leap from the house to the tree and back again. The baby squirrel would say, "Oh, I want to do that too!" Then it would go out to the end of a branch, try a little trapeze work on a bough of the tree, get an attack of heart failure, and run back again. The mother continued giving examples in flying leaps. (These were not flying squirrels but the ordinary gray species with long bushy tails).

Finally the baby screwed up its courage, ventured out to the end of a branch and gave a jump. But the distance was too great; it fell to the ground fully thirty feet, completely stunned for a few moments. Then it recovered itself enough to run around to the side of the house and try to get up a smaller tree. The mother, as soon as she saw what happened to her baby, with a switch of her tail, and in much less time than I can tell it, ran over the top of the house, jumped to the smaller and lower tree, came down the trunk and with her little paws smoothed the little baby's head, as much as to say, "Poor little baby. You did the best you could. Mother is so sorry. Come with me and we will bathe the baby's head and make it all well."

But baby was too much hurt to try. It managed to get up a little higher but could try no more leaps. Finally, in desperation, the mother came down and helped it up to a higher

branch, when she took it in her mouth, got a good start, and jumped from the tree to the house again, with the baby in her mouth. Though the roofs of the house on the side were slanting and much lower than in front, it was a very remarkable performance and a very unusual illustration of the mother instinct and love and care for her little one.

In Omaha the squirrels have been treated very kindly, and have become tame, so tame they will come in the house, take nuts from one's hand, and even run around in the pantry, if they get a chance, and taste of food.

### FAITHFUL BIRD MESSENGERS

A wonderful little bird is the carrier pigeon. When one of them is sent on an errand it keeps about its business and nothing can tempt it to turn aside. Straight home it goes. A group of them were let loose in Rome some time ago for a seven days' trip over the Alps. Some of them reached home safely, though very tired.

A man says that one carrier pigeon, sent on a different journey, stopped to rest on his window-sill a few moments, and the little silver band on its foot showed that it was bound for New York. The man tried all sorts of dainties to coax the little creature to stay awhile, but it was of no use. It seemed to know it was on important business and must not play or dawdle.

### THE SOWER

By H. H. FARISS

If we but realized how cheap  
The seeds of loving kindness are,  
We would not keep them hid away,  
But freely scatter, near and far.

Be merciful, reap gratitude,  
Sow courtesy and love shall be;  
In one thing be thou prodigal,  
And spread true kindness far and free.

Strive then to help each living thing,  
Lift up the burden of the dumb,  
For mercy shown to them will bring  
A blessing in the days to come.

If we but realized that they,  
Who oftentimes suffer needlessly,  
Are all a part of God's great plan,  
How sweeter would this old earth be.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## NAUGHTY, HAUGHTY NEIGHBOR CROW

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON

Naughty, haughty Neighbor Crow  
Sailed across the farmer's field;  
Very solemn, very slow,  
Round and round he curved and wheeled.  
And a curious tune he chanted,  
For the corn was being planted.  
Early in the morning light  
Came this haughty Neighbor Crow,  
Ate, and ate, with all his might,  
All the seedcorn from a row.  
Then he fled, a queer tune humming,  
For he saw the farmer coming!  
But the farmer had grown wise,  
And he knew that Neighbor Crow  
Ate up many worms, and flies,  
Bugs, and grubs, that bother so.  
And he said: "O queer old neighbor,  
I'll not harm you at your labor.  
"I can spare a bit of corn,  
I can plant the row again,  
Since you help, each summer morn,  
Eating things that harm the grain.  
"Neighbor, we will work together  
Through the sunny summer weather!"

## THE PILEATED WOODPECKER

By GLADYS A. BEEBE



**I** WONDER how many of the younger readers of *Our Dumb Animals* have ever seen one of the great pileated woodpeckers in their wild state? They are fast becoming rare. The cutting of the forests and the sportsman with his gun have driven them out or killed them. It has been my good fortune to see this largest of our woodpeckers in his native haunts. A few years ago a pair nested near my home. There is something particularly free and wild about these birds. Every spring for several years I saw one of the pair at a distance and heard its clear metallic call, much louder and more penetrating than the call of the flicker. It would fly swiftly away before I had more than a fleeting glimpse of his black coat and shining scarlet head, and in a moment I would again hear his resonant call away off among the trees. How these woodpeckers tear the decaying trees in search of food! They fling the pieces far and near from the tree, some of them quite large chips. I have seen deep trenches cut in upright trees where the luckless grubs nestled until torn out to make a meal for Mr. Woodpecker. But, alas for my pair! One spring one of them ventured too near the abode of man, and for idle curiosity was shot "to see what he looked like!" The other bird came back the next year but soon disappeared, and now I listen in vain to hear their call ringing through the woods.

Are you going away for a vacation? Have you planned to take Tige and Tabby with you or are you leaving them in good care and keeping? Don't leave a helpless animal to suffer and die for want of food and water!



## DOMINO, BLACK AND WHITE ANGORA

This interesting cat is owned by Miss Alice G. Chandler of Lancaster, Massachusetts. He is a great hunter and catches many field-mice. When he has caught one he brings it home, crying loudly that all may know what he has done. At the door he cries until someone comes, then lays his catch down before them, to be seen and admired.

One day lately he was heard giving his usual cry, but when the family came out, Domino was acting as a herald for the other cat, who walked behind him, his prey in his mouth. More generous, perhaps, than man is Domino, in announcing the triumph of another.

## THE NATIONAL COLOR-BEARER

By NELLIE M. COYE

A little bird flew through the air  
With blue upon its wing;  
And as I watched, it rested where  
I heard it chirp and sing.  
And as it preened its wings within  
The sunshine's golden light,  
I saw displayed with cunning art  
A tiny patch of white.  
Upon its breast a wash of red;—  
Ah, color-bearer true,  
Each day you flash before my gaze  
The red, the white, the blue.  
And when Spring brings you back to me  
From southern climes afar,  
I always have assurance where  
My country's colors are.



## The Artist and the Old Horse



**A** FEW weeks ago one of the artists of Old Lyme, Lewis Cohen, returned from a trip to France and Northern Italy, where he had been on a sketching trip with Walter Griffin, says the *New Era* of Deep River, Connecticut.

It is only a few years ago when Mr. Griffin was located in Old Lyme at Miss Florence Griswold's house and an interesting story is told of his purchasing an old grayish white horse in order, as he said, to give it a last rest and a decent burial.

One day in early spring a peddler turned into the driveway beating a faded white frame that might once have had a horse around it, while it slowly dragged a wagon whose wheels, made up of some spokes and places where spokes should have been, listed anywhere from the Big Dipper to Saybrook Junction, the mud falling off of the rusty tires as they ellipted along to the horse-chestnut tree, and suddenly ceased moving.

The animal seemed to lean back on the whiffletree for support, his knotty, warped legs setting at angles directly opposite to the direction of the wheels, gave it the appearance of a poorly built worm-fence, while his head drooped as though hung on two huge protruding bones that might have been shoulder-blades. The two hip bones went even higher and the torso resembled the anatomical study of a cicada.

The harness was made up of pieces of old leather, rope and twine with a buckle here and there fastened by a shoe-lace. One shaft was broken off and the other one was spliced in several places.

There the affair stood—an X-ray of a horse and wagon.

At this moment Griffin came out of the house. When he arrived at the horse-chestnut tree he instinctively stopped, looked at the apparition, his lower jaw dropped, and he exclaimed: "Good heavens! How much do you want for that thing you four," replied the peddler. "I'll give you four," replied the painter. The peddler's jaw dropped, but with a simpering smile held out his warty, mottled hand and said, "All right."

It was only a few days afterwards when Griffin, coming in to dinner, was enthusiastic to the pitch of throwing his hat in the air because he had run across a new motive that made his head whirl in the desire to get out again and paint it.

In explaining he said: "It was the most beautiful thing I've seen in a long time. You know those white birches that grow in such a decorative clump by the river bank? Well, this afternoon the sun came through their leaves shimmering and flickering in a faint breeze, catching high lights here and there and cool sky reflections in other places, and the warm yellows of leaves directly against the west; all in a feathery mass about the purple stems of the trunks that melted into a warm yellowish white, almost orange at times, changing to lavender bluish shadows, hung like some transparent opalesque film over Reuben who was eating grass in the shade of the group while spots of golden light struck his coat in irregular patches, making a perfectly magnificent design of cool shadows and warm sunlight; his side in shadow taking on a rich blue, warmer than the blue of the river, with warm greenish yellow reflections underneath from the sunlight spots on the grass. The whole thing was a mass of gorgeous color in a hazy afternoon light. By

jove, I'm going to start a big canvas tomorrow of that thing."

About four weeks after he had painted that canvas, he was accosted on his way from the post office and was asked how much he would take for his horse.

"What, Reuben?" he replied, and with a merry twinkle in his eye said: "Four dollars." "I'll give you two," replied the stranger. "No, I won't sell him. I bought him to give him one last rest and to paint him,—anyway he couldn't work, he's too weak. He couldn't pull your empty wagon." "Oh, yes, he could," was the persistent answer.

"I'll bet you two dollars he can't," said Griffin.

The wager was made and Reuben was carefully led to the wagon and hitched up, but no amount of urging could get him to move. He was too weak; too overcome; too lean; too bony; too old.

The stranger gave up, unhitched Reuben and guided him again to the pasture where, to the astonishment of all, Reuben gave one snort, kicked out with his hind legs and galloped off to the birches.

### RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1914

Bequest of Col. F. S. Richardson of North Adams, \$2000; bequest of David Simonds (in part), \$1568.50; bequest of Mrs. M. C. C. Wilson of Cambridge, \$1117.50; bequest of Miss Florence Lyman (balance), \$28.63; Newburyport (Mass.) S. P. C. A., \$100; "E. A. H.," \$100; H. Fisher, \$50; Miss Lucy S. Brewer, \$25; Mrs. Donald Gordon, \$15; Miss Elizabeth F. Kelly, \$15; M. Thorne, for South Carolina tent, \$10; Mrs. Mary W. Smith, \$10; Mrs. Walter H. Collins, \$3; Mrs. Reed Lawton, \$3; Miss Sarah M. Allen, \$2.50; Everett Loud, \$0.50; cash, \$0.25.

#### FIVE DOLLARS EACH

G. O. Tobey, Jr., "In memory of our dogs," Mrs. Mary Howe Burton, Mrs. Martha J. H. Gerry, Mrs. Florence L. Moore, Miss E. Annie Upham, Mrs. Albert Weaver, Miss M. F. Martin, Mrs. J. Stuart Kirkham, Prentiss M. Kent, Miss Sarah E. Balcom, Miss Maud Gillette Phillips, Mrs. Thomas A. Matthews, Christian E. Metzler.

#### TWO DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. Helen R. Wyman, Miss Sarah B. Hobart, Miss Harriet J. Goodnow, Mrs. W. D. Holmes, Mrs. Homer Sargent, M. F. Scott, Benj. Goldstein, Mrs. G. F. Fowler, Henry E. Marsh, Frank L. Worthey, John J. McCarthy, M. E. Chapin, W. J. Colby, Samuel Gannett, Miss Julia M. Keith, Mrs. M. E. McGrain, "A friend of dumb animals."

#### ONE DOLLAR EACH

Mrs. Katherine P. Ward, J. B. Hartwell, Miss Mary E. Whipple, Rufus S. Dixon, Miss Florence E. Spear, Mrs. E. E. Howe, George R. Brackett, W. Thomas Connolly, Rev. John A. Hawley, Walter Daniels, Miss Emma A. Presby, Mrs. Anna C. Taylor, Miss Evelyn I. Kimball, C. H. Morton, Miss Emily F. Wheeler, Miss Helen A. Preston, Mrs. Nora M. Baxter, Norwood Woman's Club, Rev. J. J. O'Malley, Mr. C. J. Heath, A. J. Hamel, Chas. C. B. Carlton, Miss Martie L. Van Deusen, J. S. Stowe, Mrs. Alice B. Comins, W. C. Warren & Son, C. H. Smith & Co., Albert Candlin, Mrs. P. J. Coogan, Mrs. G. Gardner, Mrs. G. L. Woods, Mrs. Caroline Brownson, Dr. Alex. Proctor, Mrs. Mary A. Extein, Miss Caroline S. Phipps, Mrs. M. R. Babcock, H. L. Handy, L. F. Bardwell, Mrs. Emma L. Bragg, Mrs. Frances N. Marsh, Mrs. F. H. Sibley, Mrs. C. A. Fisher, Forest E. Colburn, Roger Whitney Co., C. A. Hickson, Mrs. E. J. Knowles, Miss Martha Grant, P. T. Boyle, Mrs. D. E. Holly, Mrs. G. A. Billings, Dr. A. J. Bouneville, Miss Clara L. Dickinson, Dr. Charles Byrne, S. J. Willis, Godfrey Coal Co., John C. Talbot, Brigham Bros., G. W. Young, C. B. Cushing, Minot P. Garey, H. P. Hobart, Hughes & Kingston, Miss S. E. Choate, Dr. E. O. Richards, Arthur S. Perkins, John Pollard, J. Clifford Entwistle, J. H. Smith, E. H. Parker, Mrs. J. M. Joslyn, L. F. Shapley, Mrs. J. W. Balcom, Mrs. Mary E. Parker, Frank W. Plummer, M. D., F. A. Shove, W. H. Converse.

#### For the Angell Memorial Hospital

From the sale of the "Why Not" picture and other sources, \$3312.32; proceeds of a fair at the residence of Miss Frances Dewart of Milton, Mass., \$65; proceeds of a fair at the residence of The Misses Clark, Newton Centre, Mass., \$50; Dexter A. Atkins, \$25; Rowe Contracting Co., \$10; Mrs. Annie B. Matthews, \$10; Dr. Harriet E. Reeves, \$5; ———, Stockbridge, Mass., \$1; Mrs. Pauline A. Gillow, \$1; Mrs. I. P. Richards, \$1; Mrs. Ellen I. Bronson, \$1; Mrs. Emma Adams Rice, \$1; Mrs. Anna C. Taylor, \$0.60.

Total, \$8706.80. Fines, \$156.45.

The American Humane Education Society, \$550.

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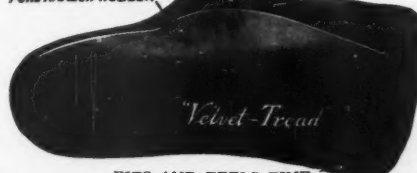
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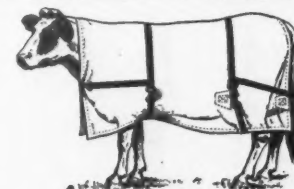
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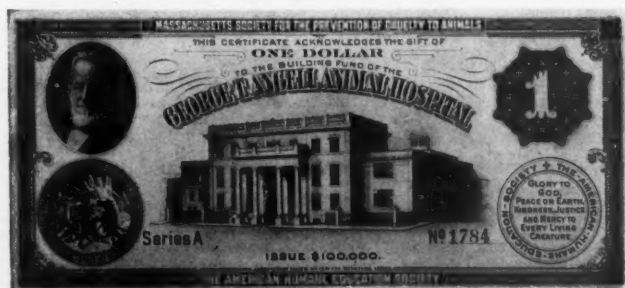
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